I've just bought a bath, & now Lord O:
is coming, & I have a lemon. I leave Lord O:
to your imagination.

I will try to write, but
the Italian craze, & so an
steal what remains of time — & Saturday we
were at Bedford & St Neots & I'm so
weary body — so sleepy, so hot, so dreamy
so full of emotion
that I shall
never
never
be
able to
express

NYPL

I will ask L. about the typing, but its really only a question of buying a new ribbon. Tell her; its a shame not; its a dodge they will try to be cheap; but its a damned shame.

Sunday 9th Ap 1933

No Ethel dear, I'm afraid I
must put you off till we come
back - Mabel, I've been headachy
& L. has now become so testy
saying I shall mail the time at
Rudnell that I'm going to
be sweet these next 3 days -)
Daresay he's right. It's been rather a
rush — what's the point
of seeing you & not being able to
respond? But we come back on
27th & shall have a fortnight
before Italy: so come then, sweetly &
properly - I'll write again. I'm

Rota 2.4.43

in fact I seriously, in spite of inclusions
dowry about your Lulu. Lord what
sorrows there are in the world
Please live to 108

NYPL

Virginia

Monks House

Wednesday 19th April 1933

This is not a letter, only a scrawl, we're off to Brighton about the Car. I'm just recovered, but I've been lying at the bottom of the pool till now; not speaking, reading & writing & (the headache) when forced. Now it's all gone thank the Lord. London was the devil before Easter – always is. We take nothing down a drain. We come back on Sunday. I don't mean to be swept off my feet again this six months: what a spring! yes – what a time, merely sitting in the garden, watching. I heard

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

from Vita last night that she will be back on the 21st — oh but you dont mean to see her, as she'll remind you of the dead, the lost Virginia. I'm amused to be dead — one of those ghosts that people talk of respectfully: rather a dignified position. Ye can't speak ill of the dead. And the dead dont write letters, but they do read them, at least Ethel's. Ger. I intend to be a dead in future; the dead have so many rights; & what a joy Jan snubbed Delius, & that the Lester said the same here." Is it usual for village children to copulate in School? Do ask Lg Betty. That- what they do here; & the chief village sport. a lady. sits at her cottage window & observes them through an opera glass. But no time for more V

Tuesday
May 2nd 1933

52 Tavistock Sq.

I'm sending the letter back today — in the cases, which only need a tug to open & shut — because, God help me, I'm sunk to the lobes in people, shopping. To-m, I can't rescue a single moment before we go. I wonder if Janjandrum & misery — people, people, people. I don't think the typing so bad — I've seen worse. Still I think she should buy a new ribbon, & rather thicker paper. Only for a carbon, this paper is needed, they say.

If you want to go on. I shd. think Jones as good as anyone; will certainly share her bill — gladly. If you will, which please do,

address to the pens. & they'll forward. It only
3 weeks after ah. Oh to be out
of all this! Yes, I feel like a bird
who sees the cage door about to open.
So no more at the moment.
We start early on Friday, shall
lunch at Monks Home. & cross
that night - we arr to start across.
Ranee Early on Saturday morning

V.

A nice note from Bruno Walter
& the Cheque. 32.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

Mrs Shelley. "May Williams walked up & down the balcony (the house next door to ours, where Shelley lodged) wrapped round with pearls — this the best death bed I've ever seen.

Lerici | May 15th | 1933

Yes I have meant to write, again & again, but — again & again I have fallen fast asleep. Moreover, what's the use of writing? Here am I sitting, by an open window, by a balcony, by the bay in which Shelley was drowned, wasn't he, 113 years ago, on a hot day like this — which indeed I suppose it is, but how describe the sea, the hills, the tall pink yellow white houses, & the — in fact, not fiction, purple brown sea, not rolling in waves, as I made my sea, but now & again giving a little ~~flow~~ shiver, like that — which runs through a field of corn, at the back of a race horse! No, my dear Generalis Daysels. Italy beats me —

Tuscany above all, which is incomparably the finest
& purest of Italy, where I've been sitting, these NYPL
5 or 6 days, on hills like rocks, like bones,
steeped up all in one flash & fire & sun. Jove
would say by God, but then he's a general's
Dayuli. I'm burnt like a grilled bone.
& for the most part a ultra hippy; & now
we're starting home, over the Apennines
tomorrow, to Parma, to Piacenza, so to
Genoa, which leads to Dieppe, to
Monks House, & so once more to the
52nd home on Tavistock Sq.t. heh, what
an Jew day? — inducing a large
penis into a small hole? and)
Euphony rehearsing masses & comic
opera, fipplers, browbeaters, & leading
the forces of womanhood, massed, against
ignorance & corruption? I don't like
Fascist Italy at all — but hist! — there the
black shirt under the window. do no
more. Addes. V.

Rota 2.4.63